36 HOW

TOPS IN TV FUN AND THRILLS—INSIDE

TV COMIC

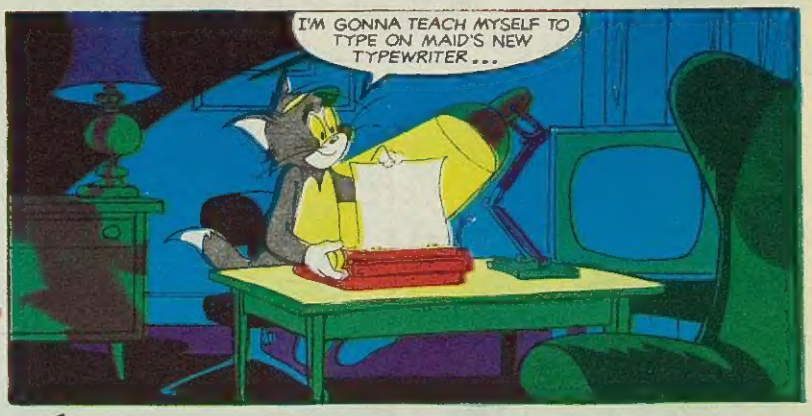
9p

Every Monday

Week ending 29th May 1976

Number 1276

TOM and JERRY



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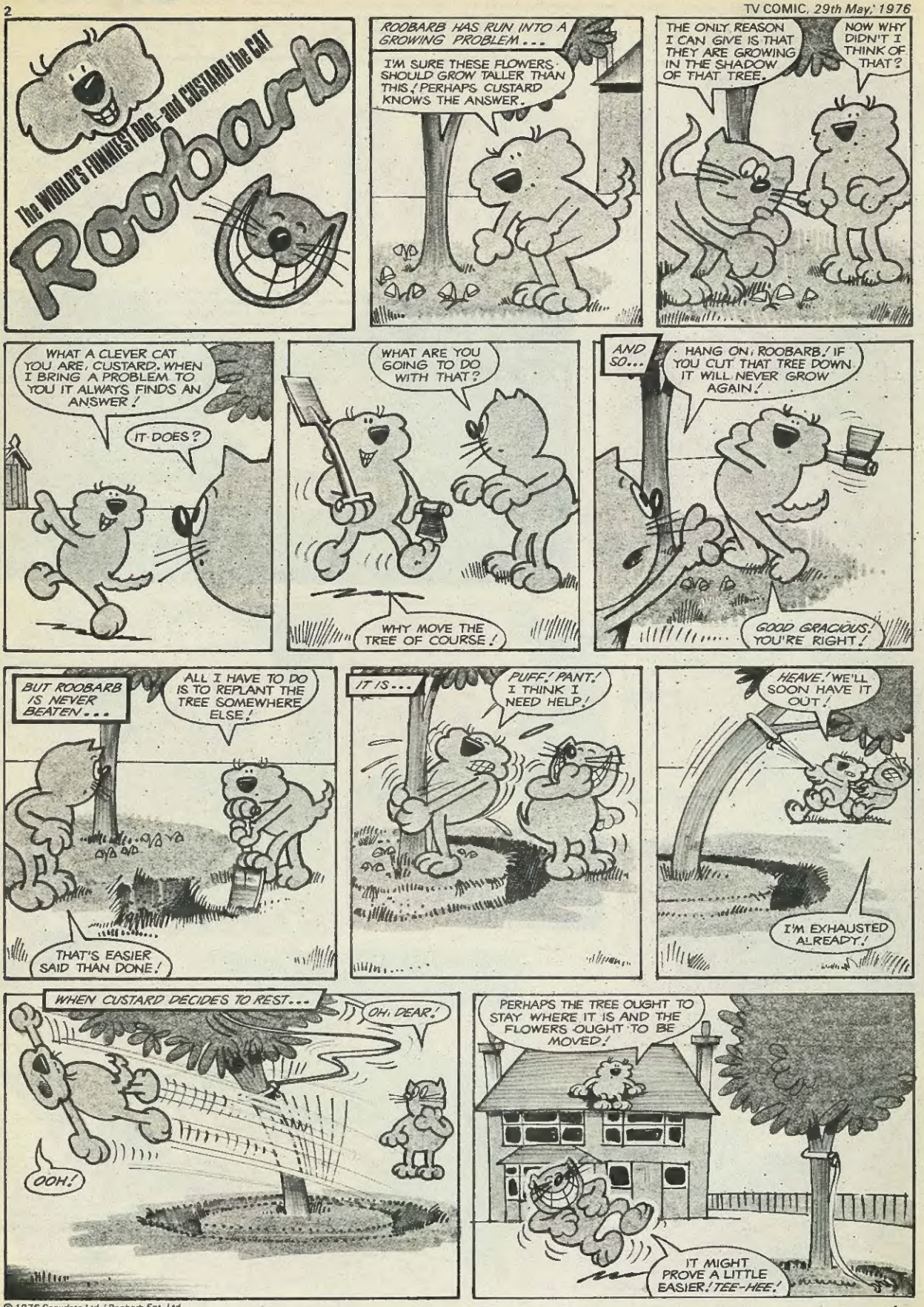
Now chase to the back cover.


The WORLD'S FUNNIEST DOG and CUSTARD the CAT
Roobarb
ROOBARB HAS RUN INTO A GROWING PROBLEM...
I'M SURE THESE FLOWERS SHOULD GROW TALLER THAN THIS! PERHAPS CUSTARD KNOWS THE ANSWER.
THE ONLY REASON I CAN GIVE IS THAT THEY ARE GROWING IN THE SHADOW OF THAT TREE.
NOW WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?
WHAT A CLEVER CAT YOU ARE, CUSTARD. WHEN I BRING A PROBLEM TO YOU IT ALWAYS FINDS AN ANSWER!
IT DOES?
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT?
WHY MOVE THE TREE OF COURSE!
AND SO...
HANG ON, ROOBARB! IF YOU CUT THAT TREE DOWN IT WILL NEVER GROW AGAIN!
GOOD GRACIOUS! YOU'RE RIGHT!
BUT ROOBARB IS NEVER BEATEN...
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TO REPLANT THE TREE SOMEWHERE ELSE!
THAT'S EASIER SAID THAN DONE!
IT IS...
PUFF! PANT! I THINK I NEED HELP!
HEAVE! WE'LL SOON HAVE IT OUT!
I'M EXHAUSTED ALREADY!
WHEN CUSTARD DECIDES TO REST...
OH, DEAR!
OOH!
PERHAPS THE TREE OUGHT TO STAY WHERE IT IS AND THE FLOWERS OUGHT TO BE MOVED!
IT MIGHT PROVE A LITTLE EASIER! TEE-HEE!

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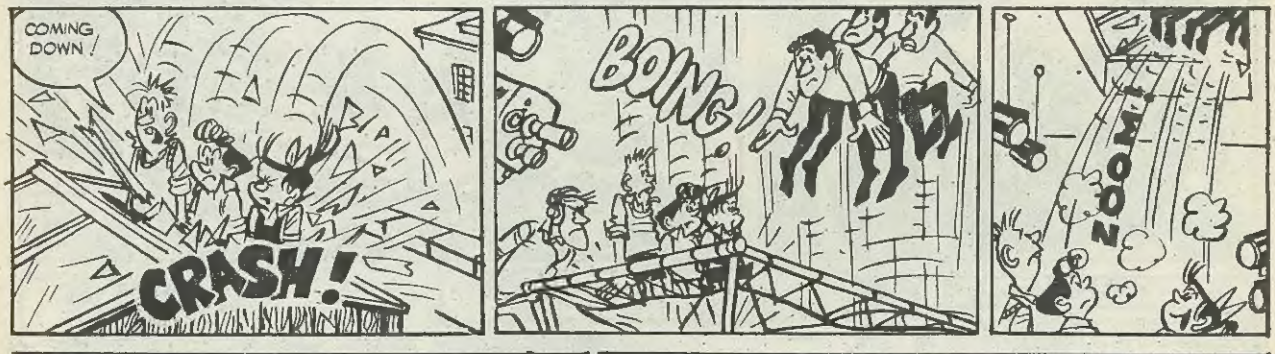
Meet Roobarb the super striker next week.

TV Terrors

COO! THE 'SPRINGO' TRAMPOLINE ACT ARE ON TODAY - LET'S TRY AND GET IN TO WATCH THEM!
WE'RE GOING TO WATCH THAT TRAMPOLINE TROUPE!
GO RIGHT AHEAD...!

HA! HA! I WAS EXPECTING YOU TERRORS...
...SO I PUT THIS TRAMPOLINE ACROSS THE DOORWAY! NOW HOPPIT!
BOING!
BAH! ROTTEN OLD HOPPIT!
NEVER MIND! HE'S GIVEN ME AN IDEA!

IF HOPPIT'S GOING TO USE A TRAMPOLINE TO KEEP US OUT OF THE STUDIOS, WE'LL USE ONE TO GET IN!
TV STUDIOS TRANSMEN
WE WANT TO GET THROUGH THAT WINDOW! RIGHT... HERE GOES...
TV STUDIO
OO-ER WE'RE GOING TOO HIGH!
TWANG!

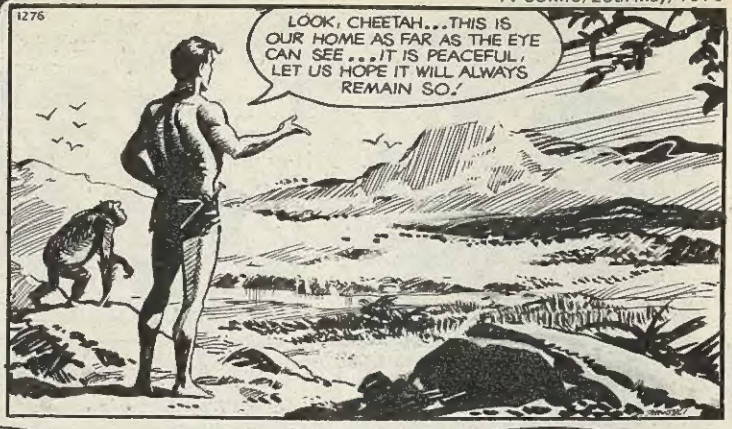


HOOLIGANS! THE TRAMPOLINE TROUPE HAVE GONE! WHO'S GOING TO CARRY ON WITH THE SHOW?
COR! WE WILL, MISTER!
HA, HA! THE AUDIENCE DON'T MIND US—BUT HOPPIT'S NOT HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE WITH OUR ACT!
GRR! WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN!

Hoppit leads a dog's life next week.

TARZAN

1276



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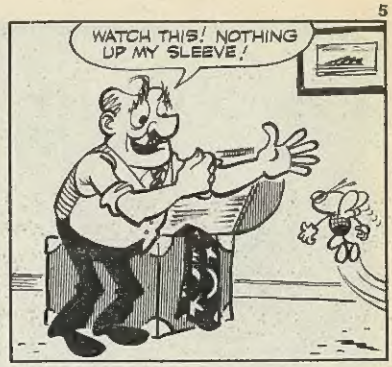
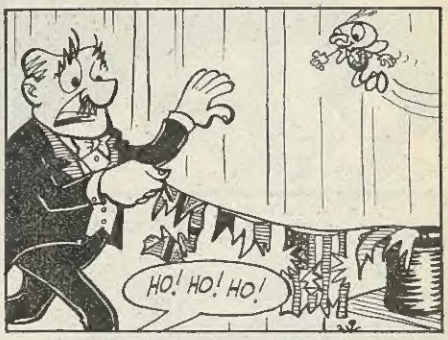
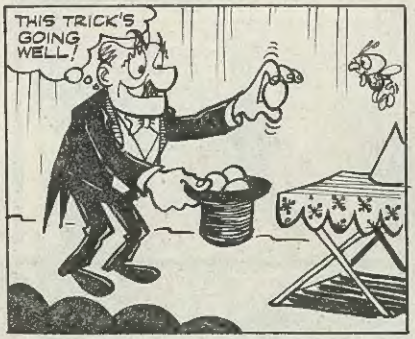
Tarzan v The Necklace of Death — soon.

MIGHTY MOTH







More Moth v Dad mirth ahead.

BARNEY BEAR
GOSH! THAT WAS AN AWFUL STORM DURING THE NIGHT! I'LL GIVE MOOSE A RING AND ASK HOW HE GOT ON!
THE 'PHONE'S OUT OF ORDER! IT MUST HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY THE STORM!
AH, WELL, HE'S ONLY NEXT DOOR. I'LL GO AND SEE HIM.
S'FUNNY. HE'S NOT IN.
HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHERE MOOSE IS?
YES. HE WAS CALLED OUT EARLY THIS MORNING BY THE TELEPHONE PEOPLE. THEY WANTED HIS HELP.
THEY MUST BE MAD! MOOSE HASN'T A CLUE ABOUT ANYTHING TECHNICAL!
IF THEY WANTED ADVICE THEY SHOULD HAVE CONSULTED ME!
WELL, THEY ASKED FOR HIM! THEY SAID HE WAS URGENTLY NEEDED IN SANDY LANE!
I'D BETTER GO AND SEE THE POOR MUG! HE'S SURE TO NEED MY HELP!
THEY NEEDED ME, BARNEY! I'VE GOT TO STAY HERE UNTIL A NEW POLE TURNS UP!

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Another s'catty tale next week.

PINK PANTHER
I'LL FIND OUT WHAT LIES IN STORE FOR ME.!
MADAME FUTURA FORTUNES TOLD 30P
BEWARE.! BEWARE.!
OH, CRUMBS.!
SOMEBODY YOU OWE MONEY TO WILL MAKE LIFE VERY DIFFICULT FOR YOU TODAY.! AWFUL THINGS WILL HAPPEN.!
EH?
BUT I DON'T OWE MONEY TO ANYBODY!
I NEVER BUT THINGS ON THE NEVER-NEVER. I PAY FOR EVERYTHING ON THE SPOT.!
WELL, THAT'S NOT WHAT THE CRYSTAL BALL SAYS! BEWARE.!
I WONDER WHAT ALL THAT MEANS?
MADAME FUTURA FORTUNES TOLD 30P
LATER ...
CURSES.! MAY LIGHTNING STRIKE AND THUNDER ROAR AROUND PINK PANTHER'S EARS.!
RUMBLE!
ROAR!
MAY HAILSTONES AS BIG AS TENNIS BALLS SURROUND HIM.!
SOMEBODY HAS GOT IT IN FOR ME ALL RIGHT.!
MAY THE GROUND OPEN UP BEFORE HIM AND SWALLOW HIM UP.!
YA.!
RACK!
SOON ...
THERE.! DIDN'T I TELL YOU AWFUL THINGS WOULD HAPPEN TO YOU?
YES. BUT YOU SAID IT WOULD COME FROM SOMEBODY I OWE MONEY TO.!
AND I WAS QUITE RIGHT— YOU FORGOT TO PAY ME THE 30 PENCE FOR TELLING YOUR FORTUNE.!

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Next week P.P. gets a sur"prize".

DROOPY
I FIND WALKING AROUND BIG STORES VERY TIRING. (YAWN!)
IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T RESIST A DOZE!
HEY! WHAT'S THAT HOUND DOING SLEEPING ON A BED IN OUR WINDOW!
ZZZ
OUT YOU GO!
DON'T BE HASTY, HIGGINS! I CAN SEE A GOOD ADVERTISING ANGLE HERE.
WOULD YOU CARE TO SLEEP IN THE BED ALL DAY, DOZEY DOG?
HOW MUCH?
FIVE POUNDS FOR THE DAY!
IT'S A DEAL!
BEDS
ONE MUST LEARN TO TURN THESE THINGS TO ONE'S ADVANTAGE, CLUTTERCLOTH!
YES, SIR!
ZZZZZ
FEELING DOG-TIRED? BUY A 'NIGHTY' BED
5 O'CLOCK...
SEE WHAT I MEAN? WE SOLD A DOZEN BEDS TODAY BECAUSE OF MY IDEA!
YES, SIR.
DROOPY! TIME TO GO HOME! THE SHOP'S CLOSING!
THANKS. I ENJOYED THAT SLEEP. HERE'S THE FIVE POUNDS I OWE YOU.
WHAT'S THAT FOR?
YOU SAID YOU'D CHARGE ME FIVE POUNDS TO SLEEP ON THAT BED!
NO I DIDN'T! I MEANT WE'D PAY YOU FIVE POUNDS TO SLEEP ON IT!
COME AGAIN!
ALL OF A SUDDEN I DON'T FEEL SO DROOPY!
MELVIN

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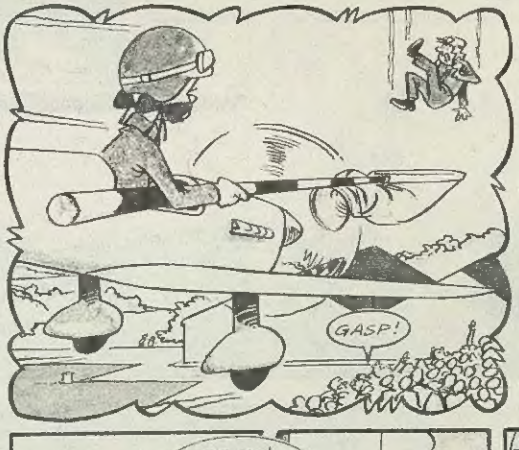
Watch out for our 'hero hound' soon.

Nelly AND HER Telly

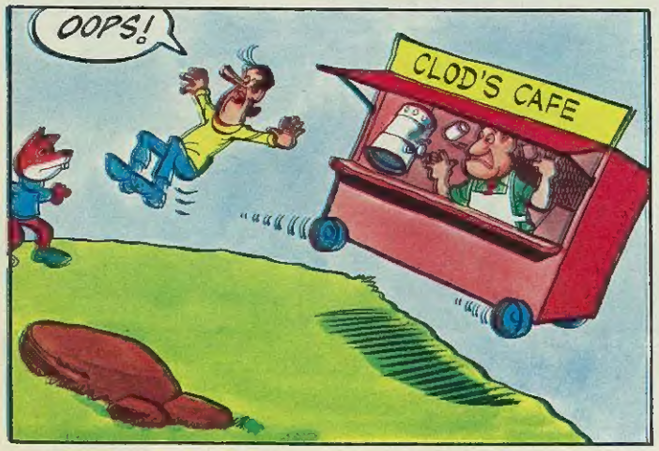


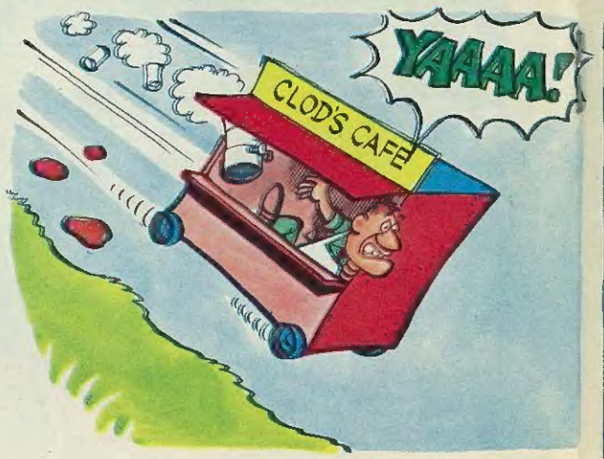
Meet Nelly the dream girl next week.

BASIL BRUSH

TRUST YOU TO CHOOSE 'ILL CLIMBING. DO WE REALLY NEED ALL THIS GEAR I'M CARRYIN' GUV?
YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN WE MIGHT NEED IT, CHUMMERS!

THERE! THE WHOLE AREA LOOKS NICE AND TIDY NOW!
UNTIL 'IS CUSTOMERS LEAVE THEIR CUPS, CANS AND CRISPS PACKETS LYIN' AROUND AGAIN!

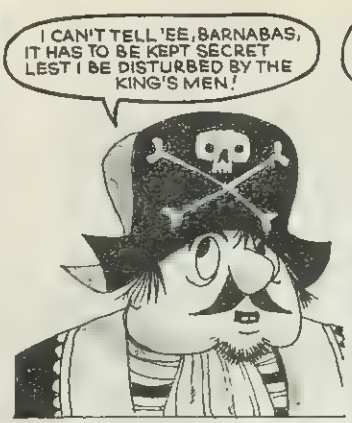


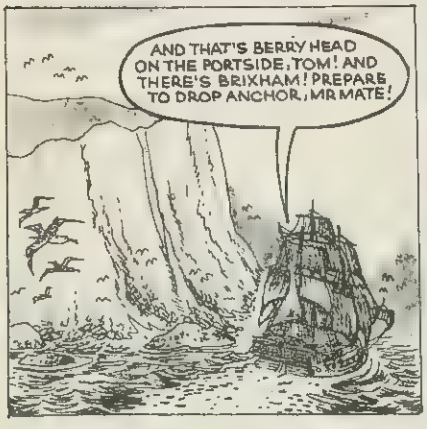


IT'S A WONDER HE DOESN'T GO DOWN WITH IT, GUV — THERE'S LOTS OF SKIN DIVERS DOWN THERE TO SELL THINGS TO!
EVER TRIED EATING CRISPS UNDER WATER, CHUMMERS? HA-HAAAA!

Bas is "putting" on the agony soon.

Captain PUGWASH





WHERE DID THE CAP'N GO, TOM?
I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW, BARNABAS. HE TOLD ME TO DROP HIM AT THE HARBOUR STEPS AND TO PICK HIM UP THERE AT SUNDOWN!

All ashore for a laugh next week.

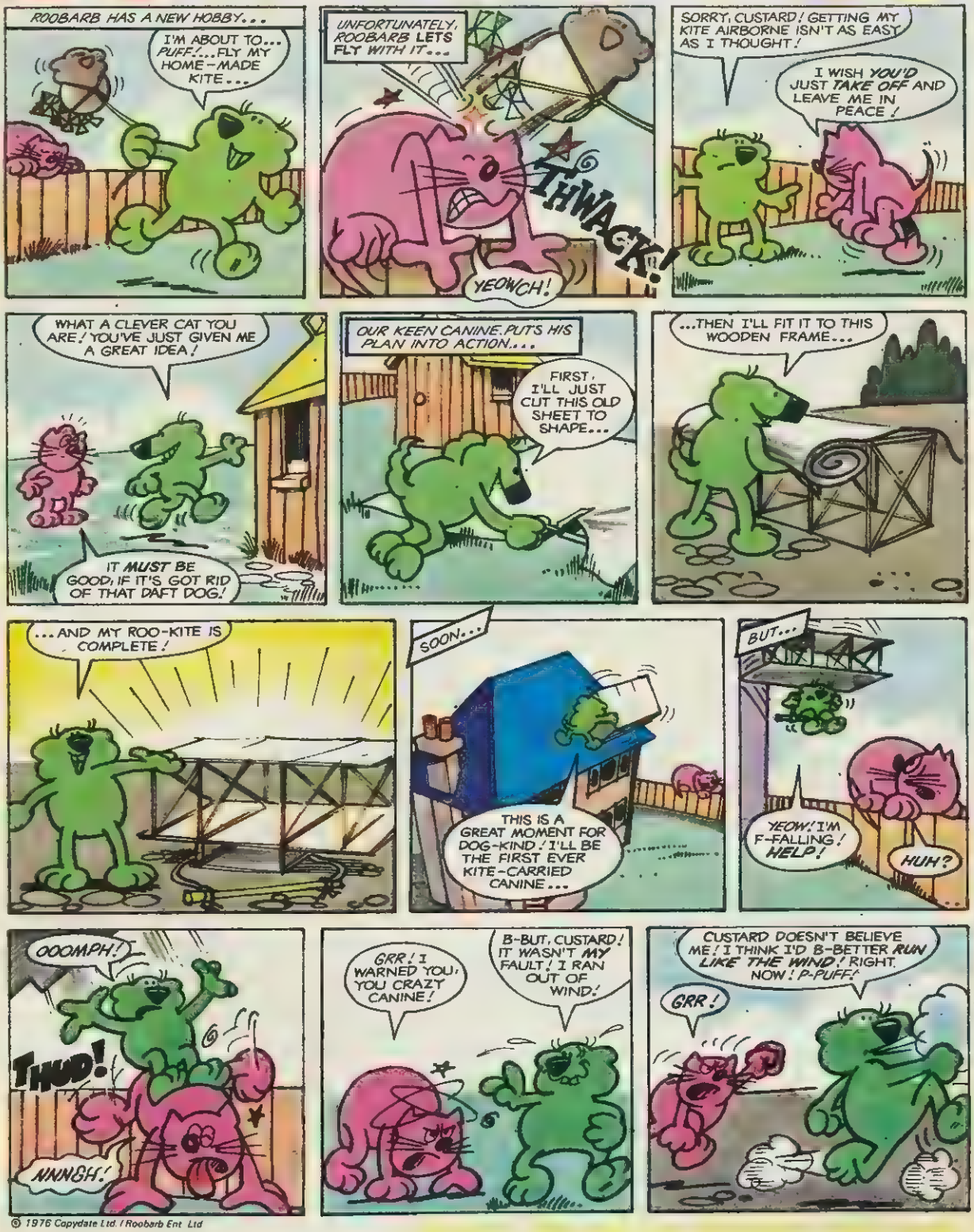
LOCHY

THE FUNNY WEE MONSTER

Lochy won't eat. Why? Wait till next week.

THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST DOG-and CUSTARD the CAT

Roobarb


ROOBARB HAS A NEW HOBBY...
I'M ABOUT TO... PUFF!...FLY MY HOME-MADE KITE...
UNFORTUNATELY, ROOBARB LETS FLY WITH IT...
THWACK!
YEOWCH!
SORRY, CUSTARD! GETTING MY KITE AIRBORNE ISN'T AS EASY AS I THOUGHT!
I WISH YOU'D JUST TAKE OFF AND LEAVE ME IN PEACE!
WHAT A CLEVER CAT YOU ARE! YOU'VE JUST GIVEN ME A GREAT IDEA!
IT MUST BE GOOD, IF IT'S GOT RID OF THAT DAFT DOG!
OUR KEEN CANINE PUTS HIS PLAN INTO ACTION...
FIRST, I'LL JUST CUT THIS OLD SHEET TO SHAPE...
...THEN I'LL FIT IT TO THIS WOODEN FRAME...
...AND MY ROO-KITE IS COMPLETE!
SOON...
THIS IS A GREAT MOMENT FOR DOG-KIND! I'LL BE THE FIRST EVER KITE-CARRIED CANINE...
BUT...
YEOW! I'M F-FALLING! HELP!
HUH?
OOOMPH!
THUD!
NNNGH!
GRR! I WARNED YOU, YOU CRAZY CANINE!
B-BUT, CUSTARD! IT WASN'T MY FAULT! I RAN OUT OF WIND!
CUSTARD DOESN'T BELIEVE ME! I THINK I'D B-BETTER RUN LIKE THE WIND! RIGHT. NOW! P-PUFF!
GRR!

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LAUREL & HARDY

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Readers' Jokes

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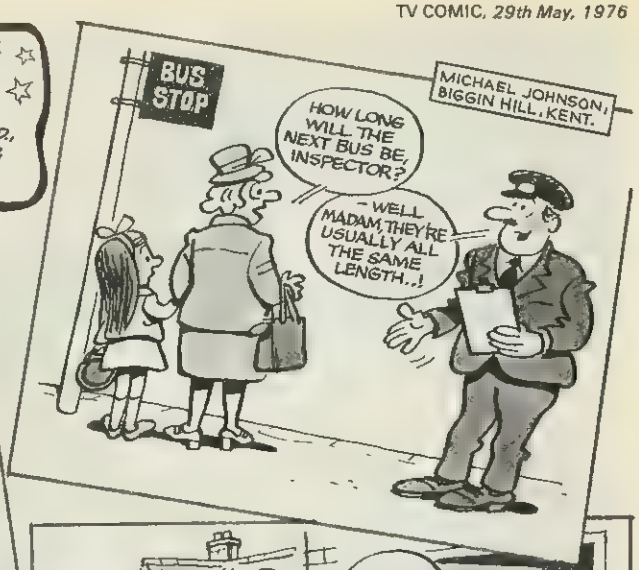
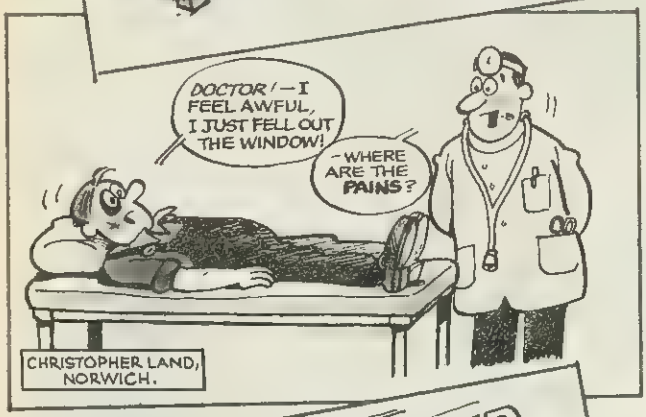
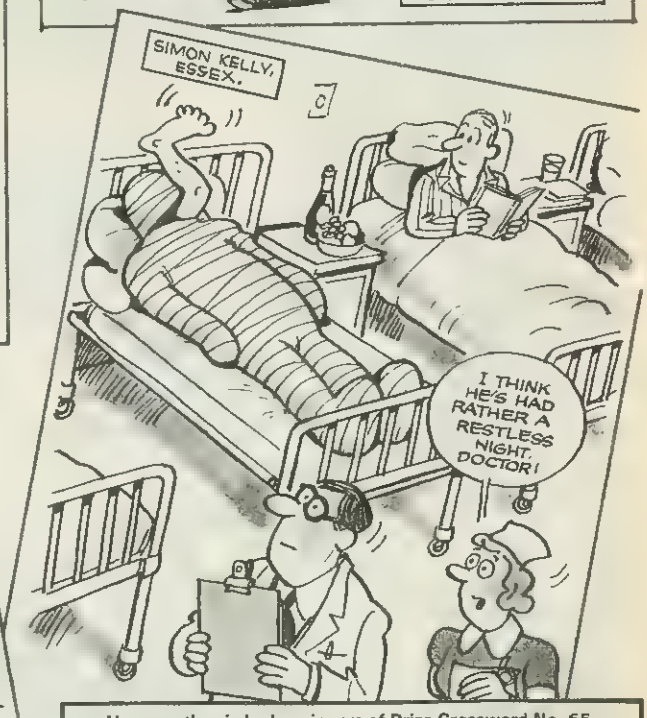

BUS STOP
MICHAEL JOHNSON, BIGGIN HILL, KENT.
HOW LONG WILL THE NEXT BUS BE, INSPECTOR?
- WELL MADAM, THEY'RE USUALLY ALL THE SAME LENGTH..!

I THOUGHT THAT ON ONE HAND IT MIGHT BE COLD, YET ON THE OTHER HAND IT MAY BE HOT OUT, TODAY!
WHY ARE YOU GOING OUT WITH ONLY ONE GLOVE ON, DEAR?
JULIE ANN RICHARDS, BRIDEND, GLAM.





Here are the six lucky winners of Prize Crossword No. 55

Hayley Rackham, Saxmundham, Suffolk.
David Hoggan, Kelty, Fife.
Alison Huggett, Enfield, Middx
Phillip Stemp, Farncombe, Surrey.
Peter Collins, Lichfield, Staffs.
D. Springall, Hockley, Essex.

POPEYE
FROM NOW ON WE'LL LET NOTHING COME BETWEEN US!
WASSAT?
I SAID... EEK!
A COASK GUARD ROCKIT!
SOS
WHOOSH!
HALLO! OLIVE, FANCY YOU FALLIN' FOR A GUY LIKE POPEYE!
WATCHA DOIN' FOOLIN' AROUND WIT COASK GUARD ROCKITS?
WHO'S FOOLIN'? I'M A COAST GUARD, SEE? AND I'M FIRING OFF DISTRESS ROCKETS!
WHO'S N DISTRESS THEN?
COAST GUARD
YOU SOON WILL BE! HEH! HEH!
HELP
?
THAT'S GOT RID OF HIM! HOW'S ABOUT SPENDIN' THE REST OF THE EVENIN' WITH ME?
ZOOOM!
SOMETIMES HE GOES TOO FAR! AND THIS IS ONE OF THEM TIMES.
WE SAW SIGNAL ROCKETS! ANYBODY IN DISTRESS?
STICK AROUND! THERE SOON WILL BE!
DON'T LOOK ROUND NOW, BRUTUS, BUT I THINK POPEYE'S GUNNING FOR YOU
COAST GUARD
HEH! HEH. HE DON'T GET SHOT OF ME SO EASY. THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' IN IT!
FUNG!
ARF! ARF! THERE IS NOW!
THAT'S HIM PUSHED OFF!
GOOD! NOW WE'RE ON OUR OWN AGAIN!
OH NO WE AIN'T! JEST BETWEEN US, HERE COME THE LIFEBOAT MEN! ARF! ARF!

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It's more clonks blams and whomps — soon.

Dr WHO

THE Doctor and Sarah-Jane have failed to stop Sir Julian Hubert opening the mysterious workings beneath 'Hubert's Folly.' Now the great tongue of fire is burning all before it and the authorities can only try to control its spread. In special fire-fighting suits, the Doctor leads Sir Julian up to the 'Folly' tower . . .

THE HEAT OF THE GROUND CAN BE FELT THROUGH THE SOLES OF ONE'S SHOES!

YES, MAJOR. THERE'S LITTLE DOUBT THAT IT'S GETTING HOTTER. COME ON, SIR JULIAN, WE HAVE TO GET INSIDE THAT TOWER.

INSIDE THE GREAT VICTORIAN TOWER...

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU KNEW THIS WAS GOING TO HAPPEN, DOCTOR.

THAT'S SIMPLE, YOUNG MAN. I HELPED YOUR GREAT GREAT UNCLE SEAL UP HIS CREATION.

YOU WHAT..?

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! HE MUST BE SOME KIND OF NUT!

WHICH YOU WILL SAY MAKES ME THE IMPOSSIBLE AGE OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY – ACTUALLY I'M MUCH OLDER. **AHA!**

NOW I'M CERTAIN HE'S MAD!

DRAT IT! THIS MECHANISM IS ALL RUSTED UP... BUT IT'S GIVING...

SIR JULIAN TURNS AMAZED AS THE HIDDEN MECHANISM GROANS – AND...

THE FLOOR! IT'S MOVING!

SECONDS LATER...

SURELY I MUST BE DREAMING!

IT WOULD BENEFIT US ALL IF YOU WERE, BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S DEADLY REAL.

AS I STARTED IT ALL, I SUPPOSE I HAVE LITTLE CHOICE.

PUT ON THAT HELMET AND FOLLOW ME! I WARN YOU, IT WILL BE UNCOMFORTABLY WARM DOWN THERE!

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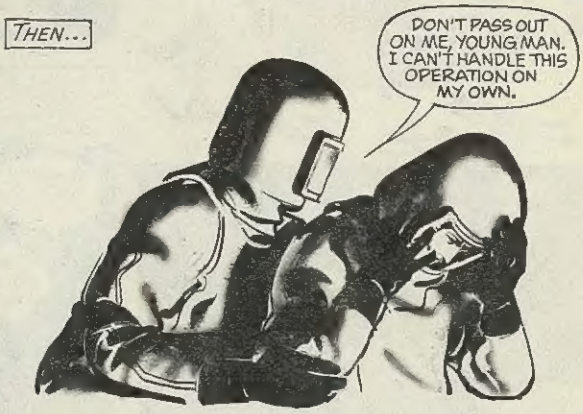
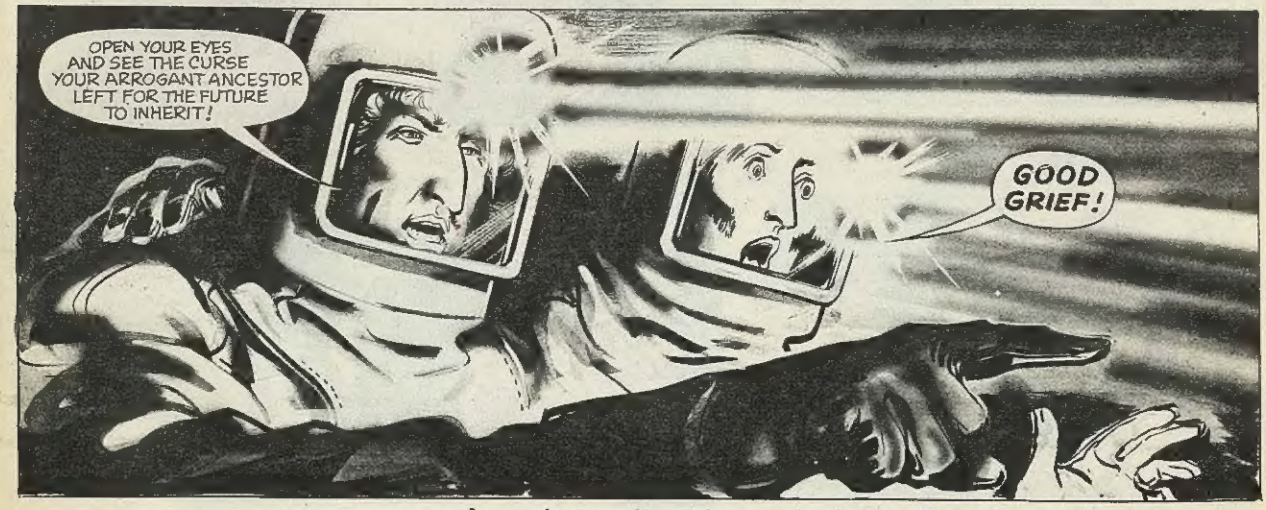
BUT WHEN HE ENTERS TO FOLLOW, AN AWESOME SIGHT GREETS HIS MELTING NERVES...
GOOD GRIEF! WE'LL BE ROASTED ALIVE!
NOT IF YOU DO AS I SAY— COME ON!

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT THE DOCTOR LEADS THE WAY THROUGH A GLARING FOG...
NOT SO FAST... I... CAN HARDLY BREATHE...
THIS WAY WE'RE NEARLY THERE NOW.





A serious situation arises for the Doctor next week.

THEN...
A FRACTION CLOSER AND I'LL GIVE THAT TATTY-CAT SOMETHING FOR FREE, TOO...
GRR! I'LL JUST FREE THESE KEYS!
...OR SHOULD I SAY SOMETHING TO GET HIS TEETH INTO, LIKE I AM?
NIP!
RECKON I PULLED A FAST ONE—AND TOM'S PULLED ME CLEAR!
NEEARGH!
NNNNGH!
KERTHUNK!
GUESS I'VE REALLY GOT THE DROP ON THAT TATTY CAT NOW! SNIGGER!
THINK YOU'RE SMART, EH, RODENT? THIS IDEA OF MINE'LL JUST BOWL YOU OVER! HEH! HEH!
POW!
ERK!
RUMBLE-
OOOPH!
...OR SHOULD I SAY SWEEP YOU OFF YOUR FEET!
IT'S TIME I DID SOME TYPING... WHAT...?
M-MAID! LOOK OUT...!
TOM'LL HAVE TO NOW!
FLIP!
SHRIEK!!
THAT WAS TOM'S FAULT! HE'S THE ONE WHO'S PUT HIS FOOT IN IT!
G-GULP! I C-CAN EXPLAIN, M-MAID...
GOSH! MAID'S SPEECHLESS WITH RAGE...
SO...
TEN-THOUSAND LINES SHOULD TEACH YOU A LESSON, TOM!
SIGH!
SNIGGER! TOM LOOKS LOST FOR WORDS NOW—BUT HE'S LEARNING THE HARD WAY, HE HAS TO TOW THE LINE. TEE-HEE-HEE!

You'll laugh long and loud next week.

A RECEPTACLE
PRESENTATION